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Sector 13

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Chapter 1 by The Book of Stories

The stale air complemented the dull city.

Cell 35685474 waited on a rooftop for his master.

Not that he would actually follow orders, that is.

The world turned to crap since the year 3567. It is 4576 now.

Some people who called themselves GOD, Government Officials for Doomsday, decided to ruin the whole world. They released a fuming gas that made anyone mutate.

They quickly captured everyone.

With the gas, everyone was contaminated, from growing new body parts to knowing everything.

Freewill was taken. GOD had won.

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No Cells in the city, Sector 13, were allowed to show emotion.

Cell 35685474 didn't bother changing his mood when his master burst through the top staircase.

The poor GOD was sweating in his flashy suit, but he was still full of energy. And anger.

"Cell 35685474! How dare you not stand before me in honor!" The master snarled, slapping the boy.

He didn't bother to look at his master, and his red eyes were still glued to the red speck.

"Cell 35685474! I have no choice but to punish you!" His master pulled out a whip and tried to slash him, but the Cell caught it.

"You shouldn't have done that, 'Master.' Now I'm the one in charge." The Cell said, indifferent.

The red specks around the Cell's neck attacked the master, slicing him up in pieces.

The Cell giggled, and he jumped off the building into the dark city below.

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